

TERRIER GROUP

that we must take testing to the next level by not only having it done, but also sharing our results with other breeders, especially in such a rare breed. The best way to do this is by making our results part of the OFA (Orthopedic Foundation for Animals) public database.

Glens are one of the rarest breeds of terrier. Our gene pool is limited, and our inbreeding coefficients run high because of that. We can be grateful that ours is a relatively healthy breed, but we must acknowledge that we can and should do more for them.

The Glen of Imaal Terrier Club of America has added elbow testing by OFA to its previously required health testing of hip evaluation by OFA or PennHIP, genetic testing for crd-3, and regular dilated-eye exams. It then goes one step further by requiring that all the test results must be made public on Glens used in breeding. This data will be useful to breeders of Glens worldwide. Countries in the EU who have been requiring elbow testing for years prior to us have a lower incidence of documented elbow dysplasia. In time I hope we will see our incidence of dysplasia lower and become closer to their results. There may always be an incidence of elbow and hip dysplasia in our achondroplastic Glens, but if we work together to ensure that useful health data is readily available at everyone's fingertips, we can succeed. That's

one thing I know for sure.

—Jo Lynn,

irishglen@aol.com

Glen of Imaal Terrier Club of America

Irish Terriers

THE IDEAL

The announcement that Mr. Grande Uno, the most successful breeder and exhibitor in the history of the breed, and now regarded as its most knowledgeable and respected judge, would be doing the breed at a nearby show hit like a thunderclap. The morning of the big event found Ms. D at the wheel, racing to get us there on time. My reaction to the harrowing trip was to close my eyes and attempt to doze. I can't recall a moment of the drive or the struggle to reach ringside and get seated.

Mr. Uno was operatic in scale: large, resplendently dressed, and with a booming voice. His instructions to exhibitors entering the ring were clear and concise, and delivered in a firm but friendly voice. And, of course, there were the accompanying and enforcing hand and arm gestures. His familiarity with the breed allowed him to read the attitude of each animal and approach the dog as an individual. He was kind to the reticent, and quick with the rowdy. Exhibitors who crowded or

upset others were promptly admonished.

His method of examining each entrant and each class was the same and easy to follow. He lined up dogs in terms of their type and then rechecked soundness and made adjustments in his rankings accordingly. He had his steward announce placements to ringside. A check of the catalogue revealed that Mr. Uno's friends and former business associates weren't faring any better or any worse than the average exhibitor. His Winners classes were full of animals who bore strong resemblances to one another. There, too, type took precedence over soundness or showmanship.

The gallery was quiet and absorbed by the process as opposed to their usual noisy and cynical demeanor. But the test was ahead. A number of judges were known to stay on track through the regular classes only to fall off the type wagon in the breed class. This change in process was usually so evident that even novices and rank amateurs noticed. The mystery was usually not which animal would prevail; rather, it was why would an animal that bore little resemblance to the type typified by the Winners be awarded the most prestigious placement of all? What force or reason could bring about a sudden new vision of the breed? As the Best of Breed class was announced, the mood at ringside grew tense.

Mr. Uno proceeded with his normal aplomb.

First the dogs and then the bitches were sorted out by type and rechecked for soundness. Without mystery or drama, the best specimens found their way to the top. A hopeful cheer went up from the gallery. The woman beside me told her husband, "If all judging were that reliable, we might get some of these millennials interested in the sport."

I turned, wanting to share some happy thought with Ms. D, but she was shaking me. What in the world?

"Wake up!" Ms. D was saying.

"What?"

"Wake up!" Ms. D said. "We're almost there."

—Ellis West,

e.f.west@att.net

Irish Terrier Club of America

Kerry Blue Terriers

KEEP COOL

Whew ... It's hot, and Kerries do not like the heat. To compound the issue, they have dark coats, which makes them react unfavorably to the heat even more. Dogs, unlike humans, only control their temperature through their panting tongue, and in a very limited way through the pads on their feet. When that is not enough, their body temperature rises, which may lead to heatstroke. So